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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARK ARENSHUT, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ.

VOL. II.

LONDON,

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ODES.

BOOK I.

PREFACE.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O, master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire
From summer's noontide beam.

And, lo, within my lonely bower
The' industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews ;
' For me,' she sings, ' the gems are born,
For me their silken robe adorn,
Their fragrant breath diffuse.'

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unsullied spring,
Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same.
Your pleasures and your pains.

Like thee, in lowly silvan scenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens,
My Muse delighted plays;
Nor through the desert of the air,
Though swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays.

Nor where the boding raven chants,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From Superstition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to Envy's use
The' insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
The nettle's sordid sting.

From all which Nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To Pleasure and to Health.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

1740.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains ;
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores :
While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the' approach of eve implores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun ! how thick the air !
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, Winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their latest bloom ;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll :
But snows fall dark, or rains resound ;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire :
Harmonious dances, festive songs,
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play :
At morn their father went abroad ;
The moon is sunk and deep the road ;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

But thou my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force ;
Ev'n now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the' ærial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing ;
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flowers and dew and streaming light,
Already decks the new-born Spring.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede !
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws :
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The' indulgence of the Sov'reign Cause ;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know ;
And that Heaven's all-subduing will
With good, the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread

Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the' Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

But should some cheerful, equal friend,
Bid leave the studious page awhile,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncared-for shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow-returning May!

May, thou delight of Heaven and earth!
When will thy genial star arise?
The' auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her silvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound

Pursue the free Horatian song :
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And Echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

TO A FRIEND,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chase,
You try the tender loss to bear;
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair?

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love :
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your soul entire ?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne ?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that be gone ?
No tear half-starting from your eye ?
No kindling blush you know not why ?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan ?

Away with this unmanly mood !
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years :
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold ;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms !
O equal price of beauty sold !

Cease then to gaze with looks of love :
Bid her adieu, the venal fair :
Unworthy she your bliss to prove ;
Then wherefore should she prove your care ?
No: lay your myrtle garland down ;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land ;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand :

Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And Time, the sire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A soberer dress will Beauty wear :
Then shall esteem, by knowledge led,
Enthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

YES: you condemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd :
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the syren's theme,
Or stoop to love : since now esteem
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,

(For so is falsehood best repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
What means that darkness on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

AGAINST SUSPICION.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main,
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,

Which reason would applaud,
No w, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times :
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear :
Guilt follows guilt : and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear !

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey :
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind ?
What genius smiles on yonder flood ?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind ?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame

With social love restrains ;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains ;

Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind ;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise,
To injure human kind.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close !
How pale the sky with weight of snows !
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins ;
While Winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting Horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To soothe affliction's lonely hour ?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please ?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care :

O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest ;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day
Waft in his car the rosy May ;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers ;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains and flocks and fields rejoice ;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings

To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine ;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong ;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene where thou art by :
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs :
The' officious daughters pleas'd attend ;
The brother adds the name of friend :
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound ;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart ?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs ;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Can'st yield him happier arts to please,

Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung ;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the' enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell !
Alone he treads the' autumnal shade,
Alone, beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend ;

He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole :
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
But evil haunts him through the maze :
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour ;

And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

Not for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play :
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill,
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands ;
And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views ;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard :
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway :
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow ;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now ;

Yet then shall Shakspeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne :
Tyrants shall bow before his laws ;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muse's sober seat ;
Where, dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favourites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils ;
And lest, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain-zephyr blew :
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew :
The naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow ;
While round them chant the croaking choir,
And haply soothe some lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of Love :
He render'd all his boasted arrows vain ;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the slow-eyed fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignified by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire, [divide? .
While bowers and copses green the golden slope

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the' Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the' Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
Elate with whose majestic call
Above degenerate Latium's praise,
Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counsels, or to Hampden's arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic Valour still attends,
And useful Science pleas'd to see
How Art her studious toil extends.
While Truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye ;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons,
fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares :
Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy ;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

TO CURIO¹.

1744.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell :
Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
How hast thou stain'd the splendour of my choice !
Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy
voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown ?
What can I now of thee to Time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own ?

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
The owl-eyed race whom Virtue's lustre blinds,
Who sagely prove that 'each man hath his price²,'
I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free ;
I yet, ev'n yet, believe it, spite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

' Thon didst not dream of Liberty decay'd,
Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong :
But the rash many, first by thee misled,
Bore thee at length unwillingly along.'
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curs'd of old
For faith deserted, or for cities sold,

¹ William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

² The reputed political axiom of Sir Robert Walpole.

Own here one untried, unexampled deed;
One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
And scape in Guilt's disguise from Virtue's offer'd

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom Freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public Wisdom ever strove to' exclude,
And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her betwitching spoils,
O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herself the state's directing soul:
Till Curio, like a good magician, tried
With Eloquence and Reason at his side,
By strength of holier spells the' enchantress to
control.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends:
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds:
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit scan:
While he, whom virtue in his bless'd retreat
Bade social ease and public passions meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We saw thy spirit through the senate reign;
And Freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose:

Deep through her bounds the city felt his call :
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

O ye good powers who look on human-kind,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll ;
And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
And steer his passions steady to the goal.
O Alfred! father of the English name;
O valiant Edward! first in civil fame ;
O William! height of public virtue pure ;
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
Behold the sum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith
 estrang'd!

O Albion! oft to flattering vows a prey :
'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy
 chang'd?

What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so lov'd?
Whom the dead envied, and the living bless'd?
This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom those that fear'd him, scorn ; that trusted him,
 detest?

O lost alike to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,

To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
 A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
 To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,
 Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
 And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign
 shore.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
 By courtly passions try the public cause;
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
 O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
 The labours which to virtue stand approv'd,
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
 Yet, where Injustice works her wilful claim,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom,
 Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell:
 Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
 Divine Persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
 While Laughter mock'd, or Pity stole a sigh:
 Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame,
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
 Can Fancy's feeble springs the force of Truth supply?

But come; 'tis time: strong destiny impends
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
 With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
 By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.

There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
For ever through the spacious courts resound :
There long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits :
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just ;
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began.
Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims :
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
And crush their trophies huge, and raze their sculp-
tur'd names.

Ye mighty shades arise, give place, attend :
Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks : [bend,
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks :—
' He comes, whom fate with surer arts prepar'd
To' accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd ;
Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign :
Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
Ev'n to its last irrevocable hour ; [power
Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them
to the chain.'

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires, [claims,
Whom for her champions o'er the world she
(That household-godhead whom of old your sires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)

Drive ye this hostile omen far away ;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay ;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone ;
Still gird your swords to combat on her side ;
Still frame your laws her generous test to' abide ;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

Protect her from yourselves ; ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your
 blood,
Which not her lightest discipline endures ;
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause :
Dream not of Numà's manners, Plato's laws :
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred ! were for you assign'd :
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

TO THE MUSE.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid !
Ah, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid ?
Ah, why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd ?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom wont to beat ?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes ?

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd ;

Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense control:
And now again my bosom burns;
The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

ON LOVE.

TO A FRIEND.

No, foolish youth,—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;

Nor will Ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn :
But love unbends the force of thought ;
By love unmanly fears are taught ;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd ;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And soothe and polish man's ungente heart.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go ; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend :
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands :
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine ;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away ;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.

But thou, my friend,—I hear thy sighs :
Alas! I read thy downcast eyes ;
And thy tongue falters ; and thy colour flies.

So soon again to meet the fair ?
So pensive all this absent hour ?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame ;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

Once, I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign :
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the lovesick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd ;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind :
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

Fool that I was.—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

TO

SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

BEHOLD ; the Balance in the sky
Swift on the wintry scale inclines :
To earthy caves the dryads fly,
And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread,
With recent soil, the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which Autumn knows :
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

Now, London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass, I see approach,
Some rural statesman's eager coach
Hurried by senatorial cares :
While rural nymphs (alike, within,
Aspiring courtly praise to win,)
Debate their dress, reform their airs.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Wessexian squire and knight?

I doubt it much ; and guess at least
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better may'st observe with me.
With me the sulphurous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain ;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James, or his ignoble reign.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the Power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot rise ;
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her saviour-son,)
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled ;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vassal dread.
There sunk the mouldering gothic reign :
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let blessings crown :
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part,
The public and the private weal?)

In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the soft ornaments that speak
So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

For so it is :—thy stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms :
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the' inspiring fount again :
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay :
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse, and a threatening hand
 The Lesbian patriot² smites the sounding chords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause,

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love :
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move :
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd ?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast ?

² Alcæus.

Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue :
Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give :
Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve ;
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold, the man of Thebes³ appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes, that mock the gazing crowd ;
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore [bore,
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language
Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song
Pollute with impious revels dire.

³ Pindar.

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade :
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow ;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove ;
And straight our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay :
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven ;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd case resign'd,
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.

But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age ;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O ! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue ;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
'To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land ;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of Liberty, my genius gives command ;
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require ;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.
FROM THE COUNTRY.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd ;
When Spring from this her favourite seat
Bade Winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts engage ;
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd ;
Till, with the studious volume tir'd,
I sought the open day ;
' And sure, (I cried) the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.'

But ah, in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old :
Nor naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold :

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook

And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide-beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view ;
And care hath long been mine :
And hence, offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire :
Then will the silvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

Beneath yon dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd :
And thou the' inscription wilt approve ;—
' This for the peace which, lost by Love,
By Friendship was reclaim'd.'

TO THE EVENING STAR.

To-NIGHT retir'd, the queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays :
And now to Hesper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

O Hesper ! while the starry throng
With awe thy path surrounds,
Oh, listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine :
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chant their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas ! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb :
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
'Thou purest light above :
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm :
But lead where music's healing charm
May soothe afflicted love.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong :
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held :
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

But hark ; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

See the green space : on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around :
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead,
Enclos'd in woods profound.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays :
How sweetly down the void they float !
The breeze their magic path attends :
The stars shine out : the forest bends :
The wakeful heifers gaze.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive syren sing ;
Oh, softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of Heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise :
What ruin waits on kingly rage :
How often virtue dwells with woe :
How many griefs from knowledge flow :
How swiftly pleasure flies.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

WITH sordid floods the wintry Urn¹
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green :
Her naked hill the dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their Author's mind :
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic Muse design'd.

From Hampstead's airy summit, me
Her guest the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,

¹ Aquaria.

When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the sun, the' anointed head.
Then seek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land :
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

No, Hardinge : peace to church and state !
That evening, let the Muse give law :
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay :
Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastise :

While hand in hand, at Wisdom's shrine,
Beauty with Truth I strive to join,
And grave assent with glad applause ;
To paint the story of the soul,
And Plato's visions to control
By Verulamian² laws.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

1747.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne ?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways ;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me ;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

² Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the *Novum Organum*.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

1747.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart :
They best the soul with glory fire ;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;
And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed
heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm ;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford ?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim ?
No, Hastings !—Thou my words wilt own :
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the bless'd function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert
From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung.

Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings,
Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bower ;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear :
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd ;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his magic strings ;
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell,

Oft near him with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame :
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies
 came³.

³ Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works. At Plataea was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides. Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this :

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ, ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
 ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.

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ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
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 ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal :

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
 Divided Europe, and the god of War
 Assail'd imperious cities; never yet, .

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page,
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought⁴.

At once among the waves and on the shore,
 Hath such a labour been achiev'd by men
 Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the Medes
 In Cyprus felt pernicious; they, the same,
 Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
 Crowded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
 Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war.

⁴ Pindar was cotemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country; though his fellow-citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece. (*Isthm.* 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Plataeæ, and Himera. (*Pyth.* 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shown by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that, 'great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other;' so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the admi-

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measures with the silvan throng :
 But that thy song
 Was proud to' unfold
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
 The Muse's law did'st rightly know ;
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's⁵ crimes !
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the' imperial ruffian aid ?
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
 Or Tibur's hills replied,
 Dare to the muse's ear aspire ;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
 they hide.

mistraton of Pelopidas and Epaminoudas: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

⁵ Octavianus Cæsar.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, ' Thus differs from the throng
The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
fame.'

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his
Muse.
O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know,
Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science franght,

Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That he their dear defence⁶ will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim ;
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord, [fame?
Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell :
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

⁶ Alluding to his ' Defence of the People of England' against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend :
Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers
they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward ⁷ teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms ;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd ;
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

⁷ Edward the Third ; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

No private master fills :
 Where, long foretold, the People reigns :
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;
 And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The swelling democratic tide ;
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle Faction's partial aim :
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
 To quell that servile band, who kneel
 To Freedom's banish'd foes ;
 That monster, which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest Heaven's command,
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue ;
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the
 hand,
 And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
 But look on Freedom :—see, through every age,
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains,
 Which now resound [bound,
 Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
 Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,

And show to strangers passing down the vale,
Where Gandish, Booth, and Osborne sate⁸,
When bursting from their country's chain,
Ev'n in the midst of deadly harms,
Of papal snares and lawless arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nassau gave us all to share,
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
Could fear have silenc'd Freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty efforts of the mind
Which social good inspires ;
Where men, for this, assault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all
acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood embrued ?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the' astonish'd isle was lost ?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear ?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ? [cheer ?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to

⁸ At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farmhouse, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of 'the plotting parlour.'

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love ;
The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh,
What glory should demand, or liberty approve !
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
* Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth :
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award !
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honour and of scorn ;
Discern the patriot from the slave ;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn,

ODES.

BOOK II.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKSPEARE:

*Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while
the French Comedians were acting by Subscription.*

1749.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakspeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd, and fearless drew.

And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore:
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too, great Commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan;
It should be your's to crown what I began:
And now that England spurns her gothic chain
And equal laws and social science reign,
I thought, ' Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juster critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious-ore of Albion's native mine,

Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.'

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas, for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration choose
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, awhile,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign,
Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Choose for the model of domestic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendour of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,

With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O bless'd at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame ;
Oh, let not luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms :
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate
Despotic rule was heir to freedom's hate,)
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

TO SLEEP.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
Charms every anxious thought away ;
In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound ;
Oh, whither hast thou flown, indulgent god ?
God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod ?
Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse ?

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main:
The tuncful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skim the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

Oh, let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly statesman's down,
Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:
Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's
Nor those the hireling-soldier loves to see, [rest,
Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from
[me!

Nor yet those awful forms present,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd brass, the choral song,
The rescued people's glad applause,
The listening senate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counsels of Timoleon's¹ tongue,
Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
The sober gainful arts of modern days
To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

¹ After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. *Plutarch*.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentments fair :
Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command,
That the young sorcerer's fatal hand
Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain,)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page :
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restor'd.

TO THE CUCKOW.

O RUSTIC herald of the Spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing ;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade ;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade ;
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

I said, ' While Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
It ill beseems a Cuckow's tongue
Her charming language to reprove'—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love !

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On fortune's power and custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool !

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom love and hope and fancy sway,
Who every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The Cuckow joins his lay.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND,
IN THE COUNTRY.

1750.

I. 1.

How oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou had'st resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;
Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
Oh fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his generous heart
The' abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's best desire?
Extinguish glory's flame?
Far other was the task enjoin'd,
When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
Far other faith belongs to friendship's honour'd
name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destin'd to detain:
No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd;
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field.
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths; it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to' inspire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways
So quell my purpose or my tongue control,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou, that righteous fame
From hoary age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was
crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The' impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious
height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
The night estrang'd from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The' indignant heart disdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown!
O praise from judging Heaven and virtuous men!
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the Sovreign Mind,
'Lo, these, (he saith) lo, these are they
Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
From violence and fear asserted human kind.'

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest Heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the' embattled field
Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valour, or the songs of conquest, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,

To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he controll'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth? [mind,
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menac'd London tell,
How impious guile made wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for music's pleasing labour choose.
And sure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong!
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial freedom gives the prize;

There Somers fix'd his name,
Enroll'd the next to William : there shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out *that* Somers, who from faction's crowd,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the Muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw,
Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near !
The Muse was never foreign to his breast :
On power's grave seat confess'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, ev'n now the' unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the' enchanted echoes round
Through furthest Heaven resound
Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muses' powerful art
Exalt the' ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.

They lend a nobler sway
To civil wisdom, than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure :
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to sight,
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus my Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell :
And when I speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom Glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued ;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
' This man with faithful friendship,' will I say,
' From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath
view'd.'

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears ;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight,
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which, in character the same,
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,—
The suffrage of the good and wise.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQ.

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear,
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recal to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This priest of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wine?

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The' inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

TO THE RIGHT REV.

BENJAMIN, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

1754.

I. 1.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail; and Faction fierce
May strive: but what, alas! can those
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes,)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O nurse of Freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bless'd,
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which Heaven from earth
 conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:—
 ' Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 From hands rapacious and from tongues impure :
 Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid :
 Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 The free-born soul in more than brutal awe,
 To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid.'

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by Heaven with this command.
 The world soon felt it : and, on high,
 To William's car with welcome joy
 Did Locke² among the bless'd unfold
 The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
 Godolphin then confirm'd the fame ;
 And Somers, when from earth he came,
 And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)

² Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty : Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power : Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the protestant establishment ; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with sacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his : but truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompense be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene :
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of death, meantime, does oft invade
Her progress ; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power :
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour

On earth arrive; with thankful awe
We own just Heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold;
We' attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind.
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile ;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which thou hast kept entire from force and factious
guile.

If rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel?

Behold that bright unsullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien :
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen,)

We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour shows.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :
This gives the most unbounded sway :
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away ;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

.. AT STUDY.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream?

'Tis in vain, alas ! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
 Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour :
Nature bids a softer power
 Claim some minutes for his own.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes ;
 Love is native to the heart :
Guide its wishes as you will ;
Without love you'll find it still
 Void in one essential part.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care ;
 Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
 And the old heroic lyre ;

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
 Or in social duty spent ;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest ;
 Languishes for true content.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

ON THE LATE EDITION OF POPE'S WORKS.

1751.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
The license of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song :
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides :
Fair fame attends, and wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides :
While, shut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, still repining, wait
Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed ?
No : rather Spenser's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
When lately in the' Elysian grove
They of his Muse's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above ;

And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age misled,
And Warburton's officious aid³:

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd,
Beneath a tutor who so late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By spiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admir'd around :

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did further fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine :
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain,
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

Then Shakspeare debonair and mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view ;
Conceits more deep, he said, and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew ;

³ During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen: a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

TO THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

1758.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior-bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and soldier was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the steer the wintry plough to' endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted? whose prond lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your
swords

To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command :
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod :
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas ! the while
Dost thou presume ? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms ?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from Fortune's
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all [sway ?
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day !

No : thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add Industry's wise gifts to Nature's store :
And every port is crowded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh ! rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy
bane.

But what hath force or war to do with thee ?
Girt by the azure tide and thron'd sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields : athwart thy guardian prow

No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

For, oh! may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriot's dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line,

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigus wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth
around.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains

Let others dwell : to you indulgent Heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath
given.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
Your lot was theirs: the farmer and the swain
Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine
plough.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts
retire?

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,

This man the lessons of the field can learn ;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest : while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands :
Too arduous is the lore ; too irksome were the pain.

Meantime by pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray ;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's
decay.

O blind of choice, and to yourselves untrue !
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields
renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend ;
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng ;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will ;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and Heaven's due
rites fulfil.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
A state ? and impotent sedition's crime ?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there ;

The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshall'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendour bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
Though war's proud votaries look on severe ;
Though secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain :
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind ;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

Say then ; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vied,
Why shall they now renounce that generous praise ?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride ?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle
hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd ;
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen
brook'd ; [bound.
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch

Such were the laurels which your fathers won ;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast :
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son ?
No nobler, holier call, to You address'd ?

O! by majestic Freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly Truth's, by manly Reason's cause,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By friendship, social peace, domestic love,
Rise; arm; your country's living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her
shore.

ON RECOVERING

FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,

IN THE COUNTRY.

1758.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's-hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound, [play.
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement

How gladly mid the dews of dawn
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the dryads of the
grove.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
' Droop not, nor doubt of my return, (she cries)
Here will I, mid the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath yon chesnut-bower,
And lenient on thy bosom pour [skies.'
That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

The goddess promis'd not in vain ;
I found her at my favourite time :
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew ;
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love :
I saw her hand in careless measures move ;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

O Goulder's-hill, by thee restor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less-ambitious lay
Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
Then wast thou mine ; to me a happier home
For social leisure : where my welcome feet,
Estrang'd from all the' entangling ways
In which the restless vulgar strays,
Through Nature's simple paths with ancient faith
might roam.

And while around his silvan scene
My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the' Athenian Academic bowers
Their sages came : oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green ;
And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove ;
Ev'n the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venns, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spot-
less throne.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said ;—
Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven
assign'd
To human fortune. Did thy lonely state

One wish, one utmost hope confess?
 Behold, she comes, to' adorn and bless :
 Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy
 mind.'

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS
 OF THE
 HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH⁴.

1751.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
 And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
 Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chase
 To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms,
 Yet, to our eyes if haply Time hath brought
 Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,

⁴ In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of 'Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandeburg, a Berlin et a la Haye;' with a privilege signed Frederic; the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

'Il se fit une migration (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainsi et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detourner dans d'autres temples les vieux psaumes de Clement Marot.' p. 163. 'La crainte donna le jour a la credulite, et l'amour propre interessa bientot le ciel au destin des hommes.' p. 242.

There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
As on Pharsalian plains, or by the' Assyrian flood.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy shall presume
With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence posterity may try thy reign,
Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature urg'd thy arm
The' Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
Heaven?

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
Ye first of mortals with the bless'd enroll'd,
Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld

Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
Those hands which ye so labour'd to improve?
Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
Which tam'd the savage world to your divine commands?

THE COMPLAINT.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love :
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove :
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd :
Away! nor hope my riper age to move,

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,
Alas, to me?
How often, to myself unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won,
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

A FRAGMENT.

MEEK honour, female shame,
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion dost thou fly ;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire ;
Who selfish, bold desire,
Dost to esteem and dear affection turn ;
Alas, of thee forlorn
What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

Behold ; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness inquire ;
Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain :
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the self-same charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

Behold ; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns :
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam ;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull tasks of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
A listless, harass'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore :
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd ;
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

HYMN

TO

THE NAIADS.

1747.

ARGUMENT.

The Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O’ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, nymphs,

Ye nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
 Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
 Trace with your fleeting steps: who all night long
 Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
 Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
 My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
 I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
 Too far into the splendid hours of morn
 Engage your audience: my observant hand
 Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
 Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
 Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
 The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
 The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
 To meet in wider channels; or beneath
 Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
 To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
 Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
 First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,
 Were Love and Chaos¹. Love, the sire of Fate²;

¹ Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior: which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that 'Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the sable-winged Night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus.' But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other; from that original and self-existent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old Græcian trinity; to whom is

Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time³,
Who many sons and many comely births

inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history; upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that 'Love, whom mortals in later times call Phanes, was the father of the eternally-begotten Night,' who is generally represented by these mythological poets, as being herself the parent of all things; and who, in the *Indigitamenta*, or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth 'the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natres which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boundary determined; the generation of the earth; the depth of the ocean; and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another.' Which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his metaphysics than any of

Devour'd, relentless father⁴: till the child
Of Rhea⁵ drove him from the upper sky⁶,

those which he has there quoted, to show that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all question, they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion: as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as⁷ the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipsic. 'Thesaurum me reperisse credidi, (says he) et profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredible dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigumenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, et in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quandam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbar, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna, μελαμφατος istos hymnos ad manus sumsi.'

Chaos is the unformed, undigested mass of Moses and Plato: which Milton calls

⁴ 'The womb of nature.'

⁵ Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind, or of Love: so Minucius Felix: 'Quid enim aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est.' So also Cicero, in 'The First Book on Divination': 'Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causarum,

And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, 'Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And spotless Vesta⁷; while supreme of sway

cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat—ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitione, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum.' To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates, or Destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love), and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity; and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

² Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cælum and Tellus. But the author of the hymn gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the starry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

⁴ The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by time.

⁵ Jupiter, so called by Pindar.

⁶ That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

⁷ Our mythology here supposeh, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves.* Tethys was the wife of the Ocean: Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn,

Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
 Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race⁸,
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
 Send tribute to their parent; and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads⁹: Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
 Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne¹⁰; and the honour'd tribes
 Belov'd of Pæon¹¹. Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise. [old
 You, Nymphs, the winged offspring¹², which of

Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφέληγεστης, the Air: though he also represented the plastic principle of Nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

⁸ The river gods; who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

⁹ The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology. Homer, *Odyss.* xiii. κούρην Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*, speaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, Callimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Penens, the great Thessalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

¹⁰ The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

¹¹ Mineral and medicinal springs. Pæon was the physician of the gods.

¹² The Winds; who, according to Hesiod and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora.

Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
 Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
 Of Hyperion¹³, from his noontide throne,
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
 'They ask; Favonius and the mild South-west
 From you relief implore. Your sallying streams¹⁴
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
 Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
 Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
 To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth
 Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
 Along the river and the paved brook,
 Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
 Who, fast by learn'd Cam, the' Æolian lyre
 Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
 Of ancient Time; and haply, while he scans
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid

¹³ A son of Cælm and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself.

¹⁴ The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore siter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

The rural powers confess ; and still prepare
 For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
 Oft as the Delian king¹⁵ with Sirius holds
 The central heavens, the father of the grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
 Your genial dew to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps delighted ; and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris¹⁶, with profusest hand,
 Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
 Pomona seeks to dwell : and o'er the lawns,
 And o'er the vale of Richmond,¹⁷ where with Thames
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea¹⁷ pours

¹⁵ One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

¹⁶ The ancient Greek name for Flora.

¹⁷ The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymætes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymætes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean : there he saw the island of Nysa, and learned from the inhabitants that 'Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans : that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whose name was Amalthea : had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile ; which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea : that fearing the jealousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, with his mother, in the island of Nysa ;' the beauty of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Milton ; the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious tra-

Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
 Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
 Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
 (Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock,
 The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
 O Bromius, O Lenæan,) nor canst thou
 Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
 With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
 Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
 Nor heed the scoffings of the' Edonian band¹⁸.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,
 As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
 Delighted; and your piety applauds:
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
 For faithful are his daughters; and with words
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
 His banks forsaking her adventurous wings
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
 Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
 When Hermes¹⁹, from Olympus bent o'er earth

ditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words
 to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To
 raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to

* ————— ' that Nysean isle

Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,
 (Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,)
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhœa's eye,'

¹⁸ The priestesses and other ministers of Bacchus; so
 called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites
 were celebrated.

¹⁹ Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce;
 in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author
 of the *Indigitamenta*, in these beautiful lines:

Εἰμηνου πᾶντων, καρδὴμπορος, λυσίμεριμνε,
 "Ὅς χεῖρεσθιν εἰς εἰρήνης ὄπλον ἀμεμφες.

To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
 Stoops lightly-sailing ; oft intent your springs
 He views : and waving o'er some new-born stream
 His bless'd pacific wand, ' And yet, (he cries)
 Yet, (cries the son of Maia) though recluse
 And silent be your stores ; from you, fair Nymphs,
 Flows wealth and kind society to men.
 By you my function and my honour'd name
 Do I possess ; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
 Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
 By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
 The English merchant ; with the buxom fleece
 Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
 Sarmatian kings ; or to the household gods
 Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
 Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
 Sidonian pilots sought²⁰, when this fair land
 Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
 Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
 Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven.'

Such are the words of Hermes ! such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power :
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
 Hath he not won the' unconquerable queen²¹

²⁰ The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coast of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

²¹ Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return ob-

Of arms to court your friendship? You, she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpè's²² foaming channel, or the rough
 Cantabrian²² surge; her auspices divine
 Imparting to the senate and the prince
 Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
 The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas; and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge²³
 To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
 The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
 Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
 To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
 In vain! Minerva on the bounding prow
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
 Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
 And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw²⁴

tains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of war: for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that 'from bounty issueth power.'

²² Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay.

²³ Near this island, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis over the Persian navy.

²⁴ This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his Life of Themistocles, describes the sea-fights of Artemisium and Salamis.

From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car ; he knew the sign
Celestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war :
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,
Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the' entangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :
And where his breast may drink the mountain
And where the fervour of the sunny vale [breeze,
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding ; and the frugal powers' *
With joy sedate leads in : and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores ;
While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet ; yon to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you, the fair

Hygeia calls : and from your shelving seats,
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
 To slake his veins : till soon a purer tide
 Flows down those loaded channels ; washeth off
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
 Of crude disease ; and through the' abodes of life
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads : hail,
 Who give to labour, health ; to stooping age
 The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
 Will I invoke ; and frequent in your praise,
 Abash the frantic thyrsus²⁵ with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
 Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
 Belong ; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
 His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain ;
 When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
 Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
 Sick appetite, or hush the' unquiet breast
 Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
 Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends.
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
 He entereth ; where impurpled veins of ore
 Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine
 Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
 From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
 Wafts to his pale-eyed suppliants ; wafts the seeds
 Metallic and the elemental salts [soon
 Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and
 Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : and soon

²⁵ A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy : of constant use in the bacchanalian mysteries.

The social haunt or unfrequented shade
 Hears 'Io, Io Pæan'²⁶; as of old,
 When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
 Oft as for hapless mortals I implore
 Your salutary springs, through every urn
 Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
 And finest breath, which from the genial strife
 Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
 O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
 The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
 That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
 Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
 Not unregarded of celestial powers,
 I frame their language; and the Muses deign
 To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
 The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
 In early days did to my wondering sense
 Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
 In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
 Or hour of sun-set, by some lonely stream,
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words
 Of power, from death and envy to preserve [mind,
 The good man's name: whence yet with grateful
 And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
 Of rocky Cirrha²⁷, where with you they dwell:
 Where you, their chaste companions, they admit
 Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,

²⁶ An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

²⁷ One of the summits of Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses. Nysa, the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
To their consorted measure : till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings : those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods²⁸ : that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares ;
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove ;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :
Sovereign of birds ! The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The Sire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live ; and whatsoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves

²⁸ This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove,
 Irreverent; and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush
 From Nysa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
 The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch [pipe's²⁹
 Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key³⁰, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And harken to their accents; who aspires
 From such instructors to inform his breast
 With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
 Of sober Pentheus³¹, he the Paphian rites,

²⁹ The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

³⁰ It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account styled ΚΑΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

³¹ Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes the' immortal Muse :—the' immortal Muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian³² or the Delphic mount³³, will guide
 His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
 His lips will bathe: whether the' eternal lore
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
 To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
 The' unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
 In those unfading islands of the bless'd,
 Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs:
 Thrice hail! For You the Cyrenaïc shell³⁴
 Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
 Be present ye with favourable feet,
 And all profaner audience far remove.

³² Of this cave Pausanias, in his tenth book, gives the following description: 'Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus, is a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a considerable height, and hath several springs within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distils from the shell and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan.'

³³ Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky situation on the skirts of Parnassus.

³⁴ Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account, he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner; solely by way of exercise;

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

‘ O Vitæ Philosophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix, expul-
trixque Vitiorum.—Tu Urbes peperisti; tu inventrix Legum,
tu magistra Morum et Disciplinæ fuisti: Ad te confugimus,
a te Opem petimus.’ *Cic. Tusc. Quæst.*

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
From the great source of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my labouring mind.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee:
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

the manner itself being now almost entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of nature, and to employ these ancient divinities, as it is probable they were first employed; to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world; which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

Give me to learn each secret cause ;
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
 Reveal'd before me stand ;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sky,
 Disclose her working hand.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind,
 Through every maze pursue ;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thought of man,
 Which range beyond control,
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive through the' infinity of space,
 And strain to grasp the whole.

Her secret stores let memory tell,
Bid fancy quit her fairy cell,
 In all her colours dress'd ;
While prompt her sallies to control ;
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To truth's severest test.

Then launch through being's wide extent ;
Let the fair scale, with just ascent
 And cautious steps be trod ;
And from the dead, corporeal mass,
Through each progressive order pass
 To instinct, reason, God !

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
In that divine abyss;
To faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to' assure, her steps befriend,
And light her way to bliss.

Then downward take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And social nature's ties;
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interest and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its rise.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, passions, in the scale;
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
 Hail! charin of age, and guide of youth;
 Sweet refuge of distress:
 In business, thou! exact, polite;
 'Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause;
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,
 Of arts inventress thou!
 Without thee, what were human-kind?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
 Their joys how mean! how few!

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
 Let others spread the daring sail,
 On fortune's faithless sea:
 While, undeluded, happier I,
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

LOVE.

AN ELEGY.

Too much my heart of beauty's power hath known,
 Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne;
 Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
 And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
 My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes:
 Through each Elysian vale and fairy grove,
 Through all the' enchanted paradise of love,

Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And stripp'd the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with
Formosy couches and harmonious bowers, [flowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods :
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,
Lo! sullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueller Disdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known,
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!
And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame!
There wan Dejection, faltering as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose ;

Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the rosy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.
See fell Remorse in action, prompt to dart
Her snaky poison through the conscious heart :
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording fame.

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this the Elysium of a sober brain?
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;
To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can sense, can reason stoop so low?
When virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;
When wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul,
That lets a woman's will his case control.
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.

I bid the whining brotherhood be gone ;
Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own !
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell ;
To the great god of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name ;
Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway ?
When thus Minerva heard thee boasting say ;
' Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy :
Go teach the solemn sons of care and age,
The pensive statesman, and the midnight sage ;
The young with me must other lessons prove,
Youth calls for pleasure, pleasure calls for love.
Behold, his heart thy grave advice disdains ;
Behold, I bind him in eternal chains.'
Alas ! great Love, how idle was the boast !
Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost ;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way ?
Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
And countless victims bow them to the stroke ?
Lo ! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance ;
Each longs to' assert thy cause with feats of arms,
And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thousand girls with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound ;
Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
But, if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,

Behold yon flowery antiquated maid,
Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd;
Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
Entice the wary, and control the proud;
Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau,
The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
'To poise ambition in a female brain.'
Be these thy triumphs. But no more presume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room:
I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils:
I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
To active science, and ingenuous fame:
Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND
THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

1738.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muse
Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call

She summons all her ardour, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.

Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the Muse boast? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to strangers given,
Be now withheld from sons? each nobler thought,
That warm'd our sires, is lost and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! yet I'll try,
I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth;
I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons,
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various powers of forceful speech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
Lest my best efforts, failing, should debase
The sacred theme: for with no common wing
The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?

My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth
Expressive of the thoughts that flame within;
No more should lazy luxury detain,
Our ardent youth; no more shall Britain's sons
Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
The prayers, sighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow-Britons, with oppression sunk,
In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of liberty; so greatly fam'd
For just redress; the land so often dyed
With her best blood, for that arousing cause,
The freedom of her sons; those sons that now
Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spair
Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When rescued Sicily with joy beheld
The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
Disperse their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From swift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are these our lords? And can Britannia see
Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her power;
Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
And not arise to justice? Did our sires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile or by death,
Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever sacred! that their sons

Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast
Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter ; see the gates
Harsh-creaking open ; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave ! while still as death
A frightful silence reigns. There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey :
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that speaks unutterable woe ;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan
Suppress'd in silence ; view the loathsome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh ! the stinging thought !
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worse damnation on their souls :
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all,
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head ; and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh ! I am all on fire !
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear, that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land !
Scourges of Spain, descend ! Behold your sons.
See ! how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their father's fame !

Ab! would to heaven ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belie their birth!

Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of latter name your country's pride,
Oh! come; disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war
In all its splendours; to their swelling souls
Say how he bow'd the' insulting Spaniard's pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For right and Britain: then display the joys
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others' good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celestial on his passing soul,
The' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The' exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected splendour; then descend,
Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene;
Paint the just honours to his relics paid,
Show grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progressive age
For ever brightens; and the wise and good
Of every land in universal choir
With richest incense of undying praise

His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his steps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Transplant his glories into second life;
And, with unsparing hand, make nations bless'd
By his example. Vast, immense rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I see you are not; every bosom glows
With native greatness, and in all its state
The British spirit rises: glorious change!
Fame, virtue, freedom, welcome! O forgive
The Muse, that, ardent in her sacred cause,
Your glory question'd she beholds with joy;
She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake.
See! from her sea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel crest
The plumes majestic nod; behold she heaves
Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms
For battle shakes her adamant spear:
Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full soon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
You were not born for slaves: let all your deeds
Show that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In virtue's path to emulate their sires;
To' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
And hurl the bolts of juster on her foes.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO¹.

THrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
 And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
 Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
 In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
 Bless'd could my skill through ages make thee shine,
 And proud to mix my memory with thine.
 But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
 With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
 If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
 Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
 Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
 And dragg'd at length corruption to her fate;
 If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
 And well-earn'd laurels every muse bestow'd;
 If public justice urg'd the high reward,
 And freedom smil'd on the devoted bard:
 Say then, to him whose levity or lust
 Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;

¹ Curio was a young Roman senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuse and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Cæsar against the liberties of his country, although he had before been a professed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect; and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, (Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath) after a long, and at last successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and became the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily and for such a length of time contended against. It was altered by the author into the 'Ode to Curio;' but the original poem is too curious to be omitted.

Who taught ambition firmer heights of power,
And sav'd corruption at her hopeless hour:
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public justice sanctify the' award?
And freedom's hand protect the' impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is pass'd;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And earth and time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say, they view'd without amaze
Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the' ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that 'each man has his price,'
I still believ'd thy end was just and free;
And yet, e'en yet believe it—spite of thee.

E'en though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal has paid—
To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd ;
Has begg'd ambition to forgive the show ;
Has told corruption thou wert ne'er her foe ;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear ;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curs'd of old,
For laws subverted, and for cities sold !
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt ;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone :
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows ?
Can pompous titles stun the' enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense, would hear ?
Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?
Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure ;
When taught by these, oppression hid the face,
To leave corruption stronger in her place,

By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing wisdom should avail no more,
And freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore ;
Then, like some guardian-god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake ;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against corruption liberty to arm,
And quell the' enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confess'd :
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant bless'd ;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns ;
Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the lovesick youth aspires ;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
And he who scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the same tract of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view ;
Rous'd by thy labours from the bless'd retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou had'st been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appear'd at last in view :

We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice.
The friends of freedom hail'd the' approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
While venal faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at the frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the shock the public Genius rose,
Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call : from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo ! the deciding hour at last appears :
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !
Thou, genius ! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each moment steady to the goal.
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
Ye shades immortal, who by freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See freedom mounting her eternal throne !
The sword submitted, and the laws her own :
See ! public power chastis'd beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands !
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd !
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd !

See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'Twas then—O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinew'd thy determin'd soul?
—Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and despis'd by all?
Who fell himself to work his country's fall?

O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power,
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues, opening in thy ray?
How! with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more.

O race erect ! whose native strength of soul
 Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
 Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
 And seeks a noble centre for its cares ;
 Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
 And fix dominion's limits by its end :
 Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
 By conscious reason judging every state,
 The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal through a crown's disguise :
 Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
 Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
 Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
 Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand.
 Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
 When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
 Not the young lover fonder to admire,
 Not more indulgent the delighted sire :
 Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Where'er oppression works her wanton sway,
 Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
 But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
 My country must with him renounce her cause ;
 Quit with a slave the part a patriot trod,
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;
 Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
 Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail :
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
 To where the Gracchi², where the Bruti stay !

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-dress'd beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics ting'd with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself—if all be well within.
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
Which labour could not stop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honour-bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew.
For now no longer truth supports thy cause;
No longer glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confess'd,
Still bright and brighter wakes the' almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful name;

And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will :
Or, if thy genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy toss'd,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost ;
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear ;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
—Can art, alas ! or genius, guide the head,
Where truth or freedom from the heart are fled ?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke ?

But come, unhappy man ! thy fates impend ;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend ;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign ;
For see the hand of destiny display'd
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd !
See the dire fane of infamy arise !
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies ;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the' unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road,
To warn the wanderer of the curs'd abode ;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentless time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates :
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims ;

And still his hands despoil them on the road,
 Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd ;
 Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
 And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
 At last the gates his potent voice obey ;
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey ;
 Where, ever arm'd with adamant chains,
 The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
 O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
 The great, the sage, the happy, and august³.
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
 No sound of honour hails their unblest ears ;
 But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
 The childless sire and violated maid ;
 But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From towns enslav'd, and continents laid waste :
 But long posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 For ever through the trembling space resound,
 And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
 Give way, do homage to a mightier guest !
 Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
 See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface !
 —Aw'd at the name, fierce Appius⁴ rising bends,
 And hardy Cinna from his throne attends :
 ' He comes, (they cry) to whom the fates assign'd
 With surer arts to work what we design'd,
 From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
 Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey ;

³ Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men.

⁴ Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason.

Till own'd their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quench'd the spirit we provok'd in vain.
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold corruption boast around the land,
'Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand.'
Though bolder now she urge the' accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife, nor anxious power invade,
If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame:
Perhaps by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTA.

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O stranger, undismay'd:—nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wise Pallas and the' immortal Muses own.

II.

*FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER,
AT WOODSTOCK.*

SUCH was old Chaucer : such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang ; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life : through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies ; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero ; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Embosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round :—and onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground ;

And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers :—for there doth Edmund
The learned shepherd ; for each rural art [rest,
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood : nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of death. Go, traveller ; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who through the' embattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not

The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: ' This was Shakspeare's form ;
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire.'



V.

GVLIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM
INEVNT E AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET
SALVS IPSE VNICA ; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVB-
LICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEK RENVNCIATVS ESSET
ATQVE STATOR ; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM
RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE
DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FOR-
TVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FE-
LICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.



VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires ; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant-king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on

Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue! and if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offspring: and each Nymph, who guards
The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The' unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft presag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, awhile releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view

Sincerest forms of good ; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory, and the faith
Of sacred friendship. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy bosom dwell [leave
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unseen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars ; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions ; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd, when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated ; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to' invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm : the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven : the harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute ; nor ev'n a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in Heaven,
Abide ye ? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill ? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd ? From what lov'd haunt

Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers!
And I will guard it well; nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
By faithful memory:—and then at some
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

ME, though in life's sequester'd vale
The' Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell
Remote from glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supplied.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, ' This be thy concern, (he said)
At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of Man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite.'

FINIS.

ADDITIONS
TO THE
POEMS OF AKENSIDE.

(SEE VOL. XXV.)

THE VIRTUOSO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

— videmus
Nugari solitos.

PERSIUS.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint; a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day or night;
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth, or air, or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Who laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd:

He many a dog destroy'd, and many a cat ;
 Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
 Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
 And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
 Their arts and fashions of each different guise ;
 Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
 Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities ;
 Of old habiliments, each sort and size,
 Male, female, high and low, to him were known ;
 Each gladiator-dress, and stage-disguise ;
 With learned, clerkly phrase he could have shown
 How the Greek tunic differ'd from the Roman
 gown.

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
 And boasted many a course of ancient coin ;
 Well as his wife's he knewen every face,
 From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine :
 For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
 (As green-sick damosels for husbands do)
 And when obtained, with enraptur'd eyne
 He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
 And look, and look again, as he would look it
 through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
 With goods that spoke the owner's mind was
 fraught ;
 Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,
 From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were
 brought,
 Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought :

On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd ;
 And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
 When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd,
 Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
 With many a curiosity replete ;
 In seemly order furnish'd every drawer,
 Products of art or nature as was meet ;
 Air-pumps and prisms were plac'd beneath his feet,
 A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head ;
 Here phials with live insects, small and great,
 There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid ;
 Above, a crocodile diffus'd a grateful shade.

Fast by the window did a table stand,
 Where hodiern and antique rarities,
 From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
 Were thick-besprent, of every sort and size :
 Here a Bahaman spider's carcase lies,
 There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine ;
 Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies ;
 There gums and amber found beneath the line,
 The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine.

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,
 There stood a spright ycleped Phantasy ;
 Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near :
 Her look was wild, and roving was her eye ;
 Her hair was clad with flowers of every dye ;
 Her glistening robes were of more various hue
 Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
 Or all the spangled drops of morning dew ;
 Their colour changing still at every different view.

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
 Various as the chamælion that she bore ;
 Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,
 Now mendicant in silks and golden ore :
 A statesman, now equip'd to chase the boar,
 Or cowl'd monk, lean, feeble, and unfe'd ;
 A clown-like lord, or swain of courtly lore ;
 Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
 Or papal father now, in homely weeds array'd.

The wight whose brain this phantom's power doth
 fill,
 On whom she doth with constant care attend,
 Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
 Or a grand palace in a hogstie find :
 (From her dire influence me may Heaven defend !)
 All things with vitiated sight he spies ;
 Neglects his family, forgets his friend,
 Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
 And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

AMBITION AND CONTENT ;

A FABLE.

Optat Quietem.

HOR.

WHILE yet the world was young, and men were few,
 Nor lurking fraud, nor tyrant rapine knew ;
 In virtue rude, the gaudy arts they scorn'd,
 Which, virtue lost, degenerate times adorn'd :

No sumptuous fabrics yet were seen to rise,
Nor gushing fountains taught to' invade the skies;
With nature, art had not begun the strife,
Nor swelling marble rose to mimic life :
Nor pencil yet had learn'd to' express the fair ;
The bounteous earth was all their homely care.

Then did Content exert her genial sway,
And taught the peaceful world her power to' obey ;
Content, a female of celestial race,
Bright and complete in each celestial grace ;
Serenely fair she was, as rising day,
And brighter than the sun's meridian ray :
Joy of all hearts, delight of every eye,
Nor grief, nor pain appear'd when she was by ;
Her presence from the wretched banish'd care.
Dispers'd the swelling sigh, and stopt the falling tear.

Long did the nymph her regal state maintain,
As long mankind were bless'd beneath her reign ;
Till dire Ambition, hellish fiend ! arose,
To plague the world, and banish man's repose ;
A monster sprung from that rebellious crew,
Which mighty Jove's Phlegræan thunder slew.
Resolv'd to dispossess the royal fair,
On all her friends he threaten'd open war :
Fond of the novelty, vain, fickle man,
In crowds to his infernal standard ran ;
And the weak maid, defenceless left alone,
To' avoid his rage, was forc'd to quit the throne.

It chanc'd as wandering through the fields she
Forsook of all and destitute of aid, [stray'd,
Upon a rising mountain's flowery side,
A pleasant cottage, roof'd with turf, she spied :
Fast by a gloomy, venerable wood,
Of shady planes and ancient oaks, it stood.

Around a various prospect charm'd the sight,
 Here waving harvests clad the field with white ;
 Here a rough shaggy rock the clouds did pierce,
 From which a torrent rush'd with rapid force ;
 Here mountain-woods diffus'd a dusky shade,
 Here flocks and herds in flowery vallies play'd,
 While o'er the matted grass the liquid crystal
 stray'd. }

In this sweet place there dwelt a cheerful pair,
 'Though bent beneath the weight of many a year ;
 Who wisely flying public noise and strife,
 In this obscure retreat had pass'd their life :
 The husband Industry was call'd ; Frugality, the
 wife. }

With tenderest friendship mutually bless'd,
 No household jars had e'er disturb'd their rest.
 A numerous offspring grac'd their homely board,
 That still with nature's simple gifts was stor'd.
 The father rural business only knew,
 The sons, the same delightful art pursue :
 An only daughter, as a goddess fair,
 Above the rest was the fond mother's care ;
 Plenty, the brightest nymph of all the plain,
 Each heart's delight, ador'd by every swain.
 Soon as Content this charming scene espied,
 Joyful within herself, the goddess cried,—
 ' This happy sight my drooping heart doth raise,
 The gods, I hope, will grant me gentler days :
 When with prosperity my life was bless'd,
 In yonder house I've been a welcome guest ;
 There now, perhaps, I may protection find ;
 For royalty is banish'd from my mind :
 I'll thither haste : how happy should I be,
 If such a refuge were reserv'd for me !'

Thus spoke the fair ; and straight she bent her
To the tall mountain, where the cottage lay : [way
Arriv'd, she makes her chang'd condition known,
Tells how the rebels drove her from the throne ;
What painful, dreary wilds, she'd wander'd o'er ;
And shelter from the tyrant doth implore.

The faithful, aged pair at once were seiz'd
With joy and grief, at once were pain'd and pleas'd,
Grief for their banish'd queen their hearts possess'd,
And joy succeeded for their future guest ;
' And if you'll deign, bright goddess, here to dwell,
And with your presence grace our humble cell,
Whate'er the gods have given with bounteous hand,
Our harvests, fields, and flocks, our all command.'

Meantime, Ambition, on his rival's flight
Sole lord of man, attain'd his wish's height ;
Of all dependance on his subjects eas'd,
He rag'd without a curb, and did whate'er he pleas'd,
As some wild flame, driven on by furious winds,
Wide spreads destruction, nor resistance finds ;
So rush'd the fiend destructive o'er the plain,
Defac'd the labours of the' industrious swain ;
Polluted every stream with human gore,
And scatter'd plagues and death from shore to shore.

Great Jove beheld it from the' Olympian tow'rs,
Where sate assembled all the heavenly pow'rs ;
Then, with a nod that shook the' empyrean throne,
Thus the Saturnian thunderer begun :—
' You see, immortal inmates of the skies,
How this vile wretch almighty power defies ;
His daring crimes, the blood which he has spilt,
Demand a torment equal to his guilt.
Then, Cyprian goddess, let thy mighty boy
Swift to the tyrant's guilty palace fly ;

124 ADDITIONS TO THE POEMS OF AKENSIDE.

There let him choose his sharpest hottest dart,
And with his former rival wound his heart.
And thou, my son, (the god to Hermes said)
Snatch up thy wand, and plume thy heels and head;
Dart through the yielding air with all thy force,
And down to Pluto's realms direct thy course;
There, rouse Oblivion from her sable cave,
Where dull she sits by Lethe's sluggish wave;
Command her to secure the sacred bound,
Where lives Content retir'd; and all around
Diffuse the deepest glooms of Stygian night,
And screen the Virgin from the tyrant's sight:
That the vain purpose of his life may try
Still to explore what still eludes his eye.
He spoke; loud praises shake the bright abode,
And all applaud the justice of the god.

THE POET.

A RHAPSODY.

OF all the various lots around the ball,
Which Fate to man distributes absolute;
Avert, ye gods! that of the Muse's son,
Curs'd with dire poverty: poor hungry wretch,
What shall he do for life? he cannot work
With manual labour: shall those sacred hands,
That brought the counsels of the gods to light;
Shall that inspired tongue, which every Muse
Has touch'd divine, to charm the sons of men;
These hallow'd organs; these! be prostitute
To the vile service of some fool in pow'r,

All his behests submissive to perform,
 Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns
 The' ignoble thought, with generous disdain;
 More eligible deeming it to starve,
 Like his fam'd ancestors renown'd in verse,
 Than poorly bend to be another's slave,—
 Than feed, and fatten in obscurity.
 —These are his firm resolves, which fate nor time
 Nor poverty can shake. Exalted high
 In garret vile he lives; with remnants hung
 Of tapestry: but oh! precarious state
 Of this vain transient world! all powerful time!
 What dost thou not subdue? See what a chasm
 Gapes wide, tremendous! see where Saul enrag'd
 High on his throne, encompass'd by his guards
 With levell'd spear, and arm extended, sits,
 Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,
 Spoil'd of his nose—around in tottering ranks
 On shelves pulverulent, majestic stands
 His library: in ragged plight, and old;
 Replete with many a load of criticism,
 Elaborate products of the midnight toil
 Of Belgian brains; snatch'd from the deadly hands
 Of murderous grocer, or the careful wight
 Who vends the plant that glads the happy shore
 Of Indian Patomack; which citizens
 In balmy fumes exhale, when, o'er a pot
 Of sage-inspiring coffee, they dispose
 Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate.

Elsewhere the dome is fill'd with various heaps
 Of old domestic lumber; that huge chair
 Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne;
 Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread
 With ink and pens, and scroll replete with rhyme:

Chests, stools, old razors, fractur'd jars half-full
 Of muddy zythum ¹, sour and spiritless :
 Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils
 Of various fashion and of various use,
 With friendly influence hide the sable floor.

This is the Bard's Museum, this the fane
 To Phœbus sacred, and the Aonian maids :
 But oh ! it stabs his heart, that niggard fate
 To him in such small measure should dispense
 Her better gifts ; to him ; whose generous soul
 Could relish, with as fine an elegance,
 The golden joys of grandeur and of wealth ;
 He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,
 Or swell beneath a coronet of state,
 Or grace a gilded chariot with a mien
 Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all.—
 But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny !
 Here he must rest, and brook the best he can,
 To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit ;
 Immur'd amongst the' ignoble, vulgar herd,
 Of lowest intellect ; whose stupid souls
 But half inform their bodies ; brains of lead
 And tongues of thunder : whose insensate breasts
 Ne'er felt the rapturous soul-entrancing fire
 Of the celestial Muse ; whose savage ears
 Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor ev'n the names,
 Of the Venusian Bard or critic sage
 Full-fam'd of Stagyra : whose clamorous tongues
 Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,
 Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent ;
 Replete with boorish scandal. Yet, alas !
 This, this ! he must endure ; or muse alone,

¹ Beer.

Pensive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,
 Or line imperfect.—No! the door is free,
 And calls him to evade their deafening clang,
 By private ambulation ;—'tis resolv'd :
 Off from his waist he throws the tatter'd gown,
 Beheld with indignation, and unloads
 His pericranium of the weighty cap,
 With sweat and grease discolour'd : then explores
 The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb
 Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free
 Of age's reverend russet, scant and bare ;
 'Then down his meagre visage waving flows
 The shadowy peruke ; crown'd with gummy hat,
 Clean brush'd ; a cane supports him. Thus equip'd,
 He sallies forth ; swift traverses the streets,
 And seeks the lonely walk ; ' Hail, sylvan scenes !
 Ye groves, ye vallies, ye meandering brooks,
 Admit me to your joys ;' in rapturous phrase,
 Loud he exclaims ; while with the' inspiring Muse
 His bosom labours ; and all other thoughts,
 Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,
 Before her influence, vanish. Rapt in thought,
 Fancy presents before his ravish'd eyes
 Distant posterity, upon his page
 With transport dwelling ; while bright Learning's
 sons,
 That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,
 Indignant seem to curse the thankless age
 That starv'd such merit. Mean time, swallow'd up
 In meditation deep, he wanders on,
 Unweeting of his way.—But ah ! he starts !
 With sudden fright his glaring eye-balls roll,
 Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosen'd joints ;
 His cogitations vanish into air,

Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream :
 Behold the cause ! see ! through the opening glade,
 With rosy visage, and abdomen grand,
 A cit, a dun !—As in Apulia's wilds,
 Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,
 A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,
 Unheeding, till upon the hideous cave
 Of the dire wolf she treads ; half dead, she views
 His bloodshot eye-balls, and his dreadful fangs,
 And, swift as Eurus, from the monster flies :
 So fares the trembling bard ; amaz'd he turns,
 Scarce by his legs upborne ; yet fear supplies
 The place of strength ; straight home he bends his
 course,

Nor looks behind him till he safe regain
 His faithful citadel ; there spent, fatigued,
 He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,
 Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinc'd.
 Soon as the panic leaves his panting breast,
 Down to the Muse's sacred rites he sits,
 Volumes pil'd round him ; see ! upon his brow
 Perplex'd anxiety, and struggling thought,
 Painful as female throes : whether the bard
 Display the deeds of heroes ; or the fall
 Of vice in lay dramatic ; or expand
 The lyric wing ; or in elegiac strains
 Lament the fair ; or lash the stubborn age,
 With laughing satire ; or in rural scenes
 With shepherds sport ; or rack his hard-bound brains
 For the' unexpected turn. Arachne so,
 In dusty kitchen corner, from her bowels
 Spins the fine web ; but spins with better fate
 Than the poor bard : she ! caitiff ! spreads hersnares,
 And with their aid enjoys luxurious life,

Bloated with fat of insects, flesh'd in blood :
 He ! hard, hard lot ! for all his toil and care,
 And painful watchings, scarce protracts awhile
 His meagre, hungry days : ungrateful world !
 If with his drama he adorn the stage ;
 No worth-discerning concourse pays the charge,
 Or of the' orchestra, or the' enlightning torch.
 He who supports the luxury and pride
 Of craving Lais ; he ! whose carnage fills
 Dogs, eagles, lions ; has not yet enough
 Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw
 Of that most ravenous, that devonring beast,
 Yclep'd a Poet. What new Halifax,
 What Somers, or what Dorset canst thou find,
 Thou hungry mortal ? break, wretch, break thy quill ;
 Blot out the studied image ; to the flames
 Commit the Staggyrite ; leave this thankless trade ;
 Erect some peddling stall with trinkets stock'd,
 There earn thy daily half-pence, nor again
 Trust the false Muse : so shall the cleanly meal
 Repel intruding hunger.—Oh ! 'tis vain,
 The friendly admonition's all in vain ;
 The scribbling itch has seiz'd him : he is lost
 To all advice, and starves for starving's sake.

Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,
 Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth ;
 But, oh ! ye gods, avert the' impending stroke
 This luckless omen threatens ! Hark ! methinks
 I hear my better angel cry, ' Retreat,
 Rash youth ! in time retreat ! let those poor bard
 Who slighted all, all ! for the flattering Muse,
 Yet curs'd with pining want, as landmarks stand,
 To warn thee from the service of the' ingrate.'

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair ;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
 Give me an animated form
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid,
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But, ah ! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view ;
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
 The wildest rage control,
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair ;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

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